By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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"Little mouse, little mouse, what did you there?" frightened an elephant up in the air." Songs of the Quadrupeds.

Several curious things happened to Robin Taylor's Animated Mother Goose Wax Figures before they sailed for Europe, and this is as good a chance as any to tell about them.

it had been planned at first that when the train that was carrying them came to the Harlem River, Robin Taylor and Mother Goose and the rest were to take a transport around to their steamer, which lay in the North River, but Red Riding Hood wanted to see Central Park, and as soon as she said Central Park" nothing would do but the

whole company must go there. Robin was a little afraid to lead such a large party of peculiar looking people through the streets of a big city, and small wonder, for it is against the laws of New York to dress up in what is called a disguise. And if the Goose and the rest did not look like disguises nothing ever did-not to speak of the two giants, Cormoran and Blunderbore, who gangways had been withdrawn, when down were togged out in most ridiculous clothes.

Why, it looked like a fancy dress ball, and Robin was very much afraid that the police would march them all off to jail. As it turned out, the police seemed to understand that it was really Mother Goose and her companions, and they were very kind and cleared a way in the pressing throng for them to walk down to Central Park

The giants marched at the head of the procession, and they looked so exceedingly ferocious that there was small danger of the mob's misbehaving. There was one venturesome urchin who flung a stone at Red Riding Hood's Wolf, who was in a cage on wheels. Quick as a wink Blunderbore picked him up with one hand and put him in at the open window of a fourth-story flat, and as the door happened to be locked on the outside the bad boy was compelled to stay there several hours until the man who lived in the room came home from his work and unlocked the door You may imagine his surprise at finding a boy in his room, and when the lad told him that a giant had put him there for stoning Red Riding Hood's Wolf the man did not believe him at all but to know what they want.

spanked him and then told him to run along Robin was very much afraid that the giants would do some damage to property. It would have been so easy for them to pull up lampposts by the roots or to pick up a trolley car and put it in somebody's back yard, but Jack the Giant Killer had given them a pretty stiff talking to before they left the train and they were as meek as lambs

Cinderella and Bo Peep and Red Riding Hood wanted to stop every few feet and look in at the shop windows, but Robin was afraid that they would be late for the steamer if they did not hurry to the Park, so he urged them on He often wished that he had a wishing carpet, but wishes are not horses, and Robin possessed only one little power. He had brought these figures to life from the wax into which they had been turned long before by a wicked magician, and could turn them into wax again but for the rest had to do like other folk.

They were all extremely disappointed in Central Park You see, most of them had been born in the country, and what is Central Park or Boston Common or Lincoln or Fairmount Park but a slip of country set down in the city? The trees and grass did not appeal to them. They wanted to go back to the streets and to look at the elevated trains and the trolleys and the stores. But Robin knew that they would be interested in the animals, so he took them over to the menagerie.

On the way there was a queer thing happened There was an old goose waddling around with a flock of ducks on the shore of lake, and when Mother Goose saw her she

prevint us rintin' th' goose for airy rides the Mother Goose said: "It's a capital idea I'm sure that my goose would like the exer-

cise." And the goose nodded his head three times, which was as near as he could come And from that day on the goose became

children who have ridden up into the clouds on his back say that it is a most delightful sensation and that it only costs to cents But as for me give me terra firms on land and sea as the Irishman said

When Robin saw how comfortable the wolves in the Park were he wanted to leave Red Riding Hood's wolf as a present to the menagerie, but the wolf strongly objected, and, strange to say, Red Eiding Hood objected also. She said:

We've been together so long now that I'd really be lonely without the Wolf." Which shows that one can get accustomed to almost auxthing if he makes up his mind to it For me to have a Wolf at my beels day and night

th' I beg to be excused. the Mouse that ran up the Clock generally stayed in Robin's pocket but when the party were in the elephant house what must be put into it from water at 71 degrees and left so but leave his quarters and run behind

minus his whiskers when he crept back into Robin's pocket. Robin happened to have a bag of peanuts, and he divided them among the elephants, and then every one left the menagerie and Robin looked at his watch.

we can catch it if we walk. How can we get Then the giants showed how useful they could be on occasion. Cormoran said: "I can carry all of you

"My goodness!" said he. "The steamer leaves in a half hour, and I don't believe

men and women if Blunderbore will attend to the animals." "Never thought of that," said Robin. "I pertainly haven't time to hire automobiles and carts, so we'd better scramble up." Red Riding Hood and the rest of the girls,

with the exception of Cinderella, occupied his right hand coat pocket. It was dark and inusty, but safe. The boys of the party. Jack and Tom Tucker and the rest, clung on where er they could get a hand in a button hole, and the elderly people like the Sprats and Mother Hubbard, got into the left hand pocket. The animals were disposed of in a similar way, except those that could fly

The Wolf's cage slung on Blunderbore's back and Robin sat on the top of it. All were now disposed of except Mother Goose and Cinderella, but the old goose came waddling up at this juncture, and his broad back provided room for both

The captain of the steamer expected them, of course, but time and tide wait for no man, costumes of Mother Hubbard and Mother and he did not mean to wait a minute beyond the time of sailing. The last whistle had sounded, the visitors were all off and the the stringpiece of the wharf, puffing and blowing after their hard run, came the giants. They stepped upon the upper deck from the wharf, having no need for gangways and at the same moment Mother Goose and Cinderella alighted from the goose's back and the last ropes were loosed, the great steamer began to back out into the North River, the band struck up and the journey was actually begun.

The goose stayed with the party until they reached Sandy Hook and then he flew back to Central Park, and if you succeed in finding him there be sure to ride on his back, if you care for that sort of thing For the further adventures of Mother Goose and the rest you must await a more fitting time.

TENEMENT IDEA OF COMFORT. Two Illustrations Showing That People Like to Be Crowded Together.

The people of the tenements may be shy on a good many things, but they allow themselves one luxury. They permit themselves

They have their own ideas about things and they don't always take kindly to the exotic notions which philanthropy tries to introduce among them. It seems that the taste for many of these things has to be acquired. Bathrooms come under this head, as they are finding out down at the new Jacob Riis House which the King's Daughters recently opened in Henry street.

The small boys who come to the house were suspicious of the bath room. They don't take up innovations heedlessly. But one youngster, braver or more curious than the rest, finally offered himself up for the good of the cause. He took his life and a bath towel in his hands and the bathroom door closed upon him.

After a period of anxious suspense on the part of his waiting friends he reappeared. He seemed proud, as befitted a boy who had tackled unknown terrors and come out victorious. But he wasn't enthusiastic. This was a distinct disappointment to the young woman in charge. She tried to draw

"Well, how did you like it?" she cheerfully demanded.

"Oh. I dinno," with evident reserve.
"Why, yes you do. Didn't you enjoy it?"
A pulse, then throwing concealment to e winds: "Nope."
"You didn't? Why not?"
"It's too lonesome."

People are forever pitying the tenemen People are forever pitying the tenement house folk because they live in a perpetual swarm. Philanthropy is always trying to take them off somewhere and give them quiet and room and peace. Whereupon the people thus transplanted are so lonely that they positively fall ill of homesickness. They

and moon and peace. Whereupon the people that her uttered a cry of delight and said:

"That's my goose I want to wander!"
And as soon as that goose heard her voice it gave a great squawk and flapped its wings and came flying over to her Mother Goose said to Robin:

"Don't you worry about me, but I haven't ridden gooseback in years and I had no idea where my goose had gone. I'm going to take a little ride now, but I'll not go far."

With that she got astride of the goose's back and the old fellow spread his great wings and rose lightly into the air with the cld woman. They went up until they were nothing but a speek, and then they turned in a southerly direction. Robin feared that he had seen the last of them, which would have been serious, as Mother Goose was chaperoning the whole party.

The papers next day had articles in them describing the strange object that had been seen over the city and which was doubtless a big kite, but which looked something like an old woman astride of a goose.

In about twenty minutes she came back, flushed with her rush through the air and looking ten years younger, so rosy was she. As for the goose, he squawked with joy and flapped his wings and ran around in delighted little circles and altogether behaved like the old goose that he was.

And a park policeman said: "Phwat's to prevint us rintin' th' goose for airy rides the same as we do the donkeys?"

was simply another instance of the way

Kept on the Move for Eight Hours to Prevent Its Succumbing to Chill. one of the attractions of the Park, and those | swimming about in one of the wall tanks of

of the Aquarium, was recently removed to the ampler waters of the greater central pool, to preserve its life. In the two years in which the shark had been in the tank it had increased in length from two feet to about four feet eight inches

The tank being small the shark could not get the exercise it required. This made its removal necessary. In making the transfer a serious difficulty was encountered. The salt water in the shark's tank in the Aquarium is usually at 71

degrees The water in the great central pool is just now about 55 on the bottom, where the cold water supply comes in, and about 60 at the top, where the warmed water is supplied This would do for such fishes as had wintered in it, but it would kill in short order a shark to itself. Therefore when the shark had to be removed the Aquarium people got ready

to itself. Therefore when the shark had to be do but leave his quarters and run behind the lairs where the elephants were standing and swaying and moving their glitterians little eyes here and there.

When their glittering little eyes saw the means of the control of mice, but if they are it isn't a presimilation to the fear that a mouse liberies in the Giant of Beasts. They are afraid that he may run up a nostril, you know Thoseelephants trumpeted and tugged at their chains and stamped with their feet and fugued their rubbery looking tails around as if an army with guns were about to fire on them.

And that little Mouse ran here and there in the straw, acting for all the world as if he enjayed the commotion that he was causing.

I really believe that those elephants would have been all up -or, rather, all down with the Mouse if Robin Iradi't spoken sternly to Puss and made her deliverup his Mouseship unharmed. But it was a close shave for Mouse, and that in a literal sense, for he was

Mouse, and that in a literal sense, for he was | well warmed up and going nicely.

NELSON FAYLES'S. DOUBLE. derived from it.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE'S ATTEMPT TO PLAY A DANGEROUS PART. Iwo Swindlers and a Father's Love for a Dead Son-The Courting of an Heiress-The Other Faylon's Perady-Smithers Makes

From the Notebook of Gentleman George. Smithers was laboriously spelling out newspaper account of how Dennis Paifrey the corn king, had lately made a ten-million coup in the grain pit. In the very midst of terse commentaries on the inequalities of luck he subsided into thoughtfulness, holding his head on one side like an aged and

disreputable parrot. "I'm minded, Garge," at length he said "that here may be some pickuns for uz;" and then he went on to relate the following ncident in the life of the multi-millionaire. It was just ten years ago, he said, that Palfrey's only son. Paul, died suddenly while s student at Pierson University grief and the disappointment of a thousand fond and ambitious plans well-nigh distracted the hard and keen business man His attentions to the members of Paul's class who came on to the funeral were so extraordinary as to attract public notice and would have been far greater had not the good sense of the young men in some degree restrained him. It was evident from all accounts that this shaft of fate had left a weak spot in an armor formerly impenetrable

and changeless. Smithers argued that time and age could have only increased Mr. Palfrey's sensibility over the loss of his son. His family now consisted of but one child, a daughter realth had multiplied tenfold; and all his regrets over the loss of an heir to continue his name and fame must have multiplied with it It stood to reason that an old friend of Paul's must have what he termed the inside track with this modern Midas. Why shouldn't I. then, assume the role of a Pierson classmate and put this infatuation to a test?

Smithers had the tenacious memory of the uneducated. He was sure of the date of young Palfrey's death It was when he himself was "up in the 'orspital, fust summer at Joliet " He was familiar, too, with the Palfrey household, having heard it minutely discussed by a gang of cracksmen who had come to grief in another job before they could put into operation their schemes against

The old man led a quiet life in his great, secluded mansion out in the suburbs. He was exhausted nights when he came home, and a hearty dinner made him even more averse to any sort of exertion | It was unusual. indeed, when he was not abed and snoring by 10 o'clock. Of course, Mrs. Winn, his sister-in-law, who kept house for him and Elsie, his only child, had their friends and diversions. But the one was a feeble, old lady, while the other was severe, rather than gay, and more inclined to good works than

In fine, Smithers was convinced that young man of my physical and mental excellences, welcomed there as a guest, would have what he pleased to call "cart blank "Well, suppose i do get an entrée." I asked,

"Do?" repeated Smithers. "You cud do him and them to the Queen's taste. Wad's the matter with your passin' out the plata some dark night to a second-story man of about my size? An' did you never hear how old Palfrey is fond of carryin' round in his clothes a puffect shower of glitterin' genis and uncut stuns, the rarest di'monds and at lasti" rubies? Wad's the matter, Garge, with your , noctunnal hand-me out?"

I saw nothing the matter with this suggestion on the side, as it were, though already my romantic soul had begun to dream of higher things The first step, however, was to the public library and found without difficulty the papers to which he had referred Yes, old Palfrey's grief had been so remarkable in its manifestations as to be the sensation of the passing day. As a result the reporters had furnished to the wondering public quite

Her utter uncons jousness the next moretheir plans, prospects and personal appear-

As I read of the courtly bearing, the fine tall form and the cameo face of Nelson Fayles, the acknowledged leader of the party, I stopped short. That was my photograph, all right; but where, oh where had I heard that name? Slowly in answer came the recollection that about a year before when I was making through the Central station for a train a man about my own age, also in an awful hurry, had slapped me on the

back with the hearty greeting: "Hello! Nelse Fayles, of all things' I lidn't know you were within 10,000 miles of this hand of the living " And then before any explanation could be made, he had umped on his train and I on mine

Well, well; that surely looked like proof positive of my availability for the part; but ow to see whether condition would permit I already knew that the Pierson class had elebrated its decennial the previous sumger Was it not probable that a history of the members had been published and that a copy of so important a work might be at sand? Not only probable, it was true. In a few moments I had the pleasure of reading this biographical gem-

"Old Nelse is still globe trotting. Acording to latest advices he is in Abyssinia seeking the ruins of the Queen of Sheba's palace Though as deeply, darkly handsome as St. Elmo, he is unmarried. We

append a list of his books of travel " Wasn't it all providentially complete? No wonder that we gentlemen sports beeve in education Why, had we our way, there would be a free library in every hamlet, with a reference department as an in-

dispensable feature! It is needless to specify the details of my march on the Palfrey stronghold I came. I saw, I conquered When I presented my card to the old broker at his office, clerks were whirling, telephones rattling, messengers darting, customers hustling; all at his behest. And yet, the moment those sharp, penetrating eyes of his read the name, they poistened, while the trap-like lips trembled

in sympathy "Nelson Fayles," he repeated "Nelse, my dead hoy's chum? Oh, I'm so glad to see you Get out of my way there, I'm

And without further ado, he waved aside a score of pressing matters as he grasped my arm, led me into his private room and forced me into his own chair, patting my back the while, in a way, grotesque, yes; yet marvellously tender I swear, for the moment,

I felt sorry for him. "So you've got home at last from your wandering," he asked, "and are going to settle down in God's country?" And as if from inveterate habit, he tossed from one hand to another and back again a stream of gems, dazzling to behold.

Of course, I had my story pat; how, when the Abyssinian expedition had been broken up by disease, I had determined to return to my own land, and follow my father's footsteps in the law, as was his dying wish; and how, being sione in the world, as he knew, I was leisurely travelling through the West, before deciding where to locate.

A volley of approval followed, with assurcaces that I must remain in that town, where for present use?

Again I was touched, so sincerely that he scientious scruple, like grit in machinery, interfering with smooth, clear out work.

this life, too late for any advantage to be

So, like a fool, I protested that my little she had been directed to keep the girl in patrimony was still unimpaired and that I close seclusion. At all events, when I aphad a sufficient income from my books; and peared, as Fayles redivivus, she had not having softened his evident disappointment dared to speak, though greatly distressed by agreeing to put up with him temporarily at least, I went on my way to get my cases and hat-boxes shipped out to the Willows,

Mr. Palfrey's suburban seat. My reception there was so gratifying that as I sat late that night, thinking it all over. I discarded as trivial Smithers's suggestions regarding the plate and the jewels, massive and priceless as they undoubtedly were. Why should I rob myself, why should I imperil my inheritance for a mess of pottage? The look of interest in Elsie Palfrey's soft eyes from the first had assured me that there was nothing preposterous about the lofty dreams of my romantic soul; while the delight with which her father had viewed my gallantry showed almost too plainly what were his wishes in the matter. I, therefore, lost no time in putting a signal in the window that told Smithers there was nothing for him to do but wait patiently in the neighborhood for further developments.

Had not the old gentleman's regard for me been so strong I might have found the Puritanic part I saw fit to play somewhat embarrassing; for he was a good deal of a high-liver himself and viewed my refusal of wine and liquors and devotion to pastry and confection with incredulity. However he evidently considered these concessions to his daughter's strict ideas in the light of a huge joke; for when I bade him good night he forced on me a handful of cigars, with a sly wink, whispering raucously:

"Try one before you go to bed, my boy her room is too far away to smell 'em." As I now pondered amid the choice and soothing aromas, only one faint blur appeared in the fair prospect before me-a shadow impalpable, yet provokingly mysterious in its very indefiniteness. Mrs. Winn appointment of Indian agents under the had greeted me at once as an old friend, yet there had seemed a sort of appealing look in her eyes; and once, at the table, when I | Coit Gilman, who resigned the Presidency of began to feel my way to making some safe reference to my former intimacy with the family, she had shaken her head slightly and put her finger to her lips. What could such conduct mean? I hardly liked to betray myself by asking, and yet I ought to find out: for in an imposition, it is wise to consider the unknown as hostile.

Without any apparent correction, too, an ther incident had become a part of my perturbation When passing from the dining oom into the library, I had met in the hall grim-faced woman, an upper servant or se, from her cap and apron, bearing tray of covered dishes. Whom could he be attending? Mrs. Palfrey had died year or so after Paul Elsie was the only hild Of course there might be some visitng relative sick in the house, but it seemed trange that Mr. Palfrey, who had been emment instead of plainly trying to divert y attention to the paintings that lined the

Such problems as these kept my mind active, and I slept but lightly. It must have been about 2 in the morning when I sat up with a start and listened Yes, some one was breathing heavily outside my door. here was a hand laid on the knob I was ust about to throw on my dressing-robe and see what could be wanted, when there were quick stops along the hall, a struggle, a dragging-away, and then the shrill scream: Nelse, Nelse Fayles; can it be, is it true

that you have returned to me at last, oh I abandoned n.y purpose at once, glad of includin' the old Duke's trousers in that same the darkness and the bolted door. There was something in that voice that chilled my blood, and yet surely it was Elsie's But leaving out of consideration such extraordinary, impossible conduct, what could her words imply? Ten years ago she was a to verify Smithers's tale 1 went, therefore, mere child to her brother's college friends. even as they must have seemed grown men to her. So I fumed over the strange occurrence until I was forced to the somewhat lame conclusion that she had walked in her sleep,

There was semething provokingly familiar about this nurse, but I had not ime for thought This wild creature, whose face, like her voice, had the same horrid resemblance to Elsie's, threw herself upon me, and for a few moments I had the most vigorous choking that a man could have, short of sus per coll.

"Nelse, Nelson Fayles, you unspeakable villain," she cried: "How dare you come wooling my little slater, after having ruined and deserted me!"

I may as well say right nere thus adverse circumstances prevented me from ever having a complete explanation of these words. This much, however, came out clearly in the ensuing ruction. Louise Palfroy, my millionalre's eldest child, whom Smithers's informants had somehow missed in their reckoning, a peculiar, eccentric creature from her birth, had lived with Mrs Winn in a quiet Eastern town for a year or so after Paul's death. There, too, had come Nelson Fayles, after graduation, for some special study. There had been intimacy, love, perhaps, between the two; and then thoman, warned doubtless by some outbrake of menant, warned couldn't explain it more than to any that practice makes perfect, and the there are any other portion of the human bedy. I have premised to show him the woman some time."

There were sage but this woman is one thing No, she does not hold a handkerchist to her eyes at all. She just keeps her face well up, and sohs freely, her tears religing down her cheeks that all may see than face the part woman stop on the single and sohs if her hard woman stop on the single and she heart woman stop on the single and she he would make my everlasting fortune for reckening, a peculiar, occentric creature me; all ending with didn't I want a few hundred from her birth, had lived with Mrs Winn wasn't a grave mistake upon my part for Fayles, after graduation, for some special there is no half-way in swindling; a con- study There had been intimacy, love, But this bit of practical wisdom came to me, as | tal workness, had fied the country; and the such practical bits generally do arrive in woman had gone absolutely insone in con-

sequence. Evidently Mrs. Winn blamed herself for some part in the matter; perhap

by my effrontery. But to return to the scene of my almost fatal strangulation. A frantic struggle took place before I could be relieved of this awful incubus, during which my starting eyes must have gazed on the moving forms before me with more or less uncertainty. And yet, do you know? I could not help observing that the nurse was devoting far more attention to Mr. Paifrey's pockets than she was to aiding his efforts to subdue the mad woman. At length, however, the poor distraught creature was mastered and borne away, Mrs. Winn discreetly accompanying her; and then came my quick, sharp condemnation.

An inflexible daughter, backed by a more inflexible father, soon disposed of me. Like Catiline, I was dismissed, cast out, ejected! As I was making my disconsolate way through the woodland to the station, I came upon Smithers, all agrin "There's nothing to laugh about." I pro-

tested angrily. "I've been thrown down hard and then jumped upon." For answer he thrust his hand into his pocket, and tossed a shower of diamonds and rubles before my still starting eyes. "What!" I exclaimed, all amazed, "you

weren't-"Yes," he replied, with conscious pride, I was the new nuss; didn't yer git onto my

INDIAN AGENCY SCANDALS Rehearsed by Civil Service Reform League

With Recommendations. The report of the committee appointed by the National Civil Service Reform League to investigate the Federal service on the present Administration will be made public to-day The President of the league is Daniel Johns Hopkins University a few months ago. and the committee are William Dudley Foulke, Richard Henry Dana, William A Aiken, Charles Richardson and George McAncn; After referring to the many changes of Indian agents under Presidents Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley, the committee makes the following observation:

Nothing could be more unfortunate for he Indians than this constant shifting of control If they are to have respect for the authority of the Government, that Government ought to be represented continuously for a considerable period of time by some responsible officer, and it is evident that no plans for the improvement of any particular tribe can be made effectual where these plans are stopped almost at their inception by removing the agent in charge Presumably the frequency of these changes indicates that right behind me, had not made some casual | the men appointed are found to be improper selections. This is true in most of the cases. but in some instances good men have been removed tamong them army officers who were performing efficient service), because the places were needed to satisfy the demand for paironage. An instance of this is found in the case of Major G W H Stouch, who was thus removed by President McKinley from the Crow Agency of Montana to make way for an agent who proved so incompetent that he had to be dismissed upon charges. Major Stouch was afterward appointed to another agency

system of appointments now prevailing, the Indians have frequently been despoiled by fraudulent contracts, under which agents obtained large sums of money in violation of the law "Recently," the report con-tinues, "the Secretary of the Interior required that bids for the leasing of Indian lands should be opened and the leases awarded in Wishington, and not, as formetly, upon the reservation. The result of the new system and the exposure of the fraudulent use of Indian lands show, already a net gain to the and the exposure of the fraudulent use of Indian lands show already a net guin to the Indians of about \$150,000, the greater part of which was upon the Osage Reservation alone. In reviewing the appointment of agents under the present Administration, the committee expresses the fullest recognition of the efforts of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for

The condicion that the alth walled in the the alth walled in the side of the continue of the alth walled in the side of the continue of the side of the side of the continue of the side of the si

TRAVELLED MULES. THESE. Motinguished Record of Two Workers on the Rapid Transit Tunnel.

They were born in Kansas, 800 feet below the surface in a gold mine that never paid dividends. It rained so hard at the time that the veterinary surgeon, called down from above ground to assist, stood knee deep in the water caught in the bucket in which he was lowered down the shaft That made him angry, and so the first words they heard were cuss words. They have heard cuss words mostly ever since, because according to facts and the dictionary they are stubborn as well as sturdy.

Although not twins, they were born within seven minutes of each other, and that double event was the most profitable thing that ever happened in that particular gold mine The parents of one were an ass and a mare. of the other a horse and a jenny. At the outert one was called Gold and the other Brick on account of their birthplace, and each is a mule. in the course of time the stockholders of

he gold mine insisted on seeing some of the visible assets. When a committee went to the mouth of the shaft to see what the stockholders had paid their money for Gold and Brick were hoisted up in cages for the committee to look at. It was the first time the mules had seen daylight, and they didn't like it. They brayed at the sun and squesled at the committee, which hurried off and asked for a receiver and got one. That was eight years ago

Gold and Brick travelled over the surface of the earth for a while, blind as owls in the daytime, and were then lowered down in another hole, deeper than the first, at the bottom of which they hauled coal. Their names were changed to Soft and Anthracite, but they were called "this dash mule" and

that dash mule" for short. In 1898 they saw daylight again and did. little war work down in Florida, where they were called Dewey and Sampson. But they were not of much use on top of the earth By daylight they couldn't tell a 6-inch shell from a feed bag and it made the ammunition men nervous to have them round, so This and That, as they came to be called, did a little more surface travelling in a cattle car with some live mutton Then the two friends

more surface travelling in a cattle car with some live mutton. Then the two friends from Kansas were lowered down another shaft and for the first time since the Spanish war began they were where it was dark enough for them to see each other.

Their next trip along the earth's crust was to the city and now they are hading rock in the Rapid Transit tunnel in Fourth avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Forty-first streets. Brick, allas This — Mule, is now Tom Platt. They got their new names from Bill Malcomson, a Sootch Presbyterian, who has had them for three years and never uttered a prefane word.

But the mules are happy only a part of the time now. Although they are forty feet underground they are kept apart by day because Tom bauls rock in the east tunnel and Dick in the west and there is a soid chunk of Manhattan between them all day block is tunnel has been bered into that part of the island 200 feet, but Tom's is not nearly so far along.

But they are stabled together down in the tunnel, when off duty and they have a fliving for dynamics shoulder in a very wait till and the number of the part along.

But they are stabled together down in the tunnel, when off duty and they have a fliving for dynamics sticks, which by the dim light of a miner's head lamp look as much like parsnips as anything class.

Everything class in the twotunnels is hojeted up just before the blasting which is dene between 7A M and noon every day. The electric light wires, are globes, the thirteen between 7A M and noon every day. The electric light wires, are globes the thirteen between 7A M and noon every day. The electric light wires, are globes, the thirteen between 7A M and noon every day. The electric light wires, are globes, the thirteen between 7A M and noon every day. The electric light wires, are globes, the thirteen between 7A M and noon every day. The electric light wires, are globes, the thirteen between 7A M and noon every day. The office of the blasting which is dene of the windows.

diameter and one consistently he intimates to the female that help is required, and they take turns.

The hen forthwith begins to lay an egg every day, until twelve, it aftern are located side by side in this hole in the ground; they scatter a little sand over the eggs to protect them from the fletner rays of the tallforms sun, this habit has doubtless led to the supposition printed in many anctent natural histories that the eggs of the ostrich are hatched by the sun, unaided by the birds. As soon as the full number of eggs are laid the couple share the labor of hutching, the male bird setting on the eggs from to clock in the afternoon until 9 o clock the following morning, and it may be understood with what skill this is performed when it is remembered that 250 pounds of ostrich is bearing down upon fourteen eggs, at a o'clock the hen takes his place. The male ostrich, however, with remarkable intelligence, relieves the femile for an hour in the middle of the day while she goes in search of necessary nourishment.

A pair will follow this recime with the greatest regularity for about forly days, when the eggs are hetched.

Picasant Surroundings and Wholesome Cooking are featured that appeal to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Such a list of Furnished Room and Select Board advertisements are presented to the cultivated taste. Suc

HORSE WON, NAME DIDN'T.

DISMAY AMONG THE TIPSTERS CAUSED BY HUITZILOPOCHTLI.

Various Devices Used to Tell Friends That the Horse With the Queer Name Was Certain to Win-The Poolroom Operator Uses His

Fancy-Big Winnings in Park Row. When the day watch appeared to relieve the night shift of waiters at the Park row beef-an' plant the other morning. a night watchman who was rolling up his apron in a piece of newspaper in the scullery uttered a meaningful "Past!" to one of the day shift. who was twisting his mustache into snail's feelers before a cracked looking glass in a corner. The day shift waiter looked up and then walked over to the night watchman. "Huh?" he inquired, as he continued to

twist his mustache. "I got one f'r t'day," said the night watchman. Brushing his battered derby on his coas sleeve. "Feller wit' a bun on was in early this mornin' an' passed it along. He's on the groun's an' is next all right "

"Doin' nothin', doin' nothin'," said the day shift man, endeavoring to bring the ends of his mustache within his range of vision. "Dug up me las' buck yistiddy on one that didn't git so much as a sing-out from th' drop o' th' ribbon. Me f'r th' outside-nothin' doin'. "Well, I jes' t'ought I'd open th' gate Fr

youse, that's all," said the night watchman, picking up his wrapped apron and preparing to depart. "This one soun's good an' they'll be a price, th' feller tol' me." "What's th' name o' th' poodle?" asked

the day shift man, not interestedly. The night watchman began to splutter. "Whitts-zo-Wheetz-so-"
The day shift man left off fondling his sustache and gazed at the night watchman

with astonishment. "Say, where'd youse git it?" he inquired, with open mouth. "Wheetz-ze-o --- Wheetz-ze-o-poot-eo

" gasped the night watchman, getting red in the face. "Brown th' Wheats, hey?" said the day shift man, looking at his spluttering companion wonderingly. "That's a fine name f'r a horse

ain't it? Wot youse handin' us?" zeo-popo-cackle - Wheetz - zeopackle-

thing class in the two tunnels is holsted between 7 A M and moon every day. The electric light wires, are globes, the thirteen air power drills and the rails on which the mules draw the rock cars all have to come of the windows. Hewitt-zillo, he splut-make draw the rock cars all have to come of the windows. Hewitt-zillo, he splut-make and twenty-five cubic yards of rock, the daily everage, has been blown out of the heading, the tracks are relaid and the underground electric light plant is reinstalled for another day and night of work at removing the loosened stone and drilling for the mext day's blast.

According to the underground natural history of the tunnel men, you would find goats somewhere in the ancestry of This and That if you went back far enough. This is because of their appetites. They are both particularly fond of electric wire insulation and have materially damaged one electric light plant by browsing on the coating of the wires. They don't mind shocks.

SINKING SHAD POLES.

The Old Ways and a Peculiarly Medern Up-to-Date Method.

The object of the windows. Then he picked up the paper and took it over to one of the windows. Hewitt-zillo, he with the name in the paper and took it over to one of the windows. Hewitt-zillo, he with the night man wrest d with the same difficulty. That aim nothin like the wind with the same difficulty. That aim nothin like the wind with the same difficulty. That aim nothin like the wind way the feller wot told me said it lie said Wheet-zeo Wheet-zeo-poockle.

Back up! short day man, wrathing. Wheet-zeo wit o' Hewitt-zillo, way the feller said it, all right, an' he's one o' these here ducks that's learn schooled over th' spellin' an' pronouncin' in the night man. That's the name o' th' plag, anyhow, an' I'm goin' the source of their appetites. They tree both and the paper and took it one o' the night man wrest d with the same difficulty. That aim nothin' like the wind way the feller with dwind the night man wrest dwith the same difficulty. That aim nothin' like the wind